

MARVEL

229

DAVID • LUPACCHINO • ORTEGO • MILLA

X-FACTOR



YARDIN

IN THIS ISSUE,
ONE OF THESE
CHARACTERS WILL

DIE!

X-FACTOR



PREVIOUSLY...

WHILE FIGHTING THE MURDEROUS DEMON, BLOODBATH, JAMIE MADROX WAS IMPALED UPON THE VILLAIN'S SWORD. WHILE HIS TEAMMATES RALLIED AND ULTIMATELY DEFEATED THEIR FOE, THEY WERE TOO LATE TO SAVE MADROX'S LIFE. BUT TO MADROX'S SURPRISE, HE AWOKE, ALIVE AND HEALTHY, IN A HOTEL ROOM...BUT ONE STREWN WITH THE EVISCERATED BODIES OF LAYLA MILLER AND ANOTHER JAMIE MADROX.

MEANWHILE, PETER DAVID HEADED OUT OF TOWN, LEAVING HIS EDITORS TO WRITE THIS RECAP PAGE. PONDERING WHETHER THEY SHOULD USE THE OPPORTUNITY TO REAFFIRM JORDAN'S UNDYING LOVE FOR GALACTA, DAUGHTER OF GALACTUS, OR TO MARSHAL SUPPORT FOR THE "MARVEL DRAG QUEENS" EVENT DANIEL WANTS TO PITCH, THEY DECIDED IT WAS PROBABLY BEST TO INSTEAD PLUG THIS TITLE'S "X-PERT WITNESSES" LETTERS PAGE. IF YOU HAVE LETTERS, SEND 'EM TO OFFICEX@MARVEL.COM AND PETER DAVID WILL ANSWER HIS FAVORITES IN A FUTURE ISSUE OF X-FACTOR!

**PETER
DAVID**
WRITER

**EMANUELA
LUPACCHINO**
PENCILER

**GUILLERMO
ORTEGO**
INKER

**MATT
MILLA**
COLORIST

**VC'S CORY
PETIT**
LETTERER

DAVID YARDIN
COVER ARTIST

JORDAN D. WHITE
ASSISTANT EDITOR

DANIEL KETCHUM
EDITOR

NICK LOWE
X-MEN GROUP EDITOR


AXEL ALONSO
EDITOR IN CHIEF

JOE QUESADA
CHIEF CREATIVE OFFICER

DAN BUCKLEY
PUBLISHER

ALAN FINE
EXEC. PRODUCER

X-FACTOR (ISSN #1932-5266) No. 229, February 2012. Published Monthly by MARVEL WORLDWIDE, INC., a subsidiary of MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT, LLC. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 135 West 50th Street, New York, NY 10020. PERIODICALS POSTAGE PAID AT NEW YORK, NY AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. © 2011 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive names and likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of Marvel Characters, Inc. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. \$2.99 per copy in the U.S.; (GST #R127032852) in the direct market and \$3.99 per copy in the U.S. and \$3.99 in Canada (GST #R127032852) through the newsstand; Canadian Agreement #40668537. Printed in the USA. Subscription rate (U.S. dollars) for 12 issues: U.S. \$27.00; Canada \$41.00; Foreign \$41.00. POSTMASTER: SEND ALL ADDRESS CHANGES TO X-FACTOR, C/O MARVEL SUBSCRIPTION DEPT., P.O. BOX 5187 BRENTWOOD, TN 37024. TELEPHONE # (800) 217-9158. FAX # (615) 377-0525. subscriptions@marvel.com. ALAN FINE, EVP - Office of the President, Marvel Worldwide, Inc. and EVP & CMO Marvel Characters B.V.; DAN BUCKLEY, Publisher & President - Print, Animation & Digital Divisions; JOE QUESADA, Chief Creative Officer; DAVID BOGART, SVP of Business Affairs & Talent Management; TOM BREVOORT, SVP of Publishing; C.B. CEBULSKI, SVP of Creator & Content Development; DAVID GABRIEL, SVP of Publishing Sales & Circulation; MICHAEL PASCIULLO, SVP of Brand Planning & Communications; JIM O'KEEFE, VP of Operations & Logistics; DAN CARR, Executive Director of Publishing Technology; SUSAN CRESPI, Editorial Operations Manager; ALEX MORALES, Publishing Operations Manager; STAN LEE, Chairman Emeritus. For information regarding advertising in Marvel Comics or on Marvel.com, please contact John Dokes, SVP of Integrated Sales & Marketing, at jdokes@marvel.com. For Marvel subscription inquiries, please call 800-217-9158. Manufactured between 11/25/2011 and 12/06/2011 by R.R. DONNELLEY, INC., GLASGOW, KY, USA.



I FEEL LIKE I'M
HAVING AN OUT-OF-
BODY EXPERIENCE.

I'M LOOKING AT
SOMETHING THAT I
CAN'T EVEN BEGIN
TO UNDERSTAND:

LAYLA AND ME,
LYING THERE
DEAD. THIS IS...

...IT'S OUR WEDDING
NIGHT. OUR WEDDING
NIGHT IN THE FUTURE.

AND THE LAST THING HE...
I...SAID BEFORE "WE"
DIED WAS THAT RAHNE WAS
RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS
SLAUGHTER. THAT ONLY I
COULD STOP HER.

WHAT AM I DOING
HERE? FOR THAT
MATTER, IF HE'S
MADROX...

...WHO THE
HELL AM I?

THEY KEEP KILLING
MADROX

PART
ONE



ROOM SERVICE! A BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE, COURTESY OF THE MANAGEMENT FOR THE HAPPY--



THE SOUND OF THE CRASHING BUCKET, THE HORRIFIED GASP FROM THE ROOM SERVICE GUY, SNAP ME FROM MY PARALYSIS.



DID YOU SEE ANYONE LEAVE JUST NOW?! A WOMAN WITH SHORT RED HAIR?

OR A WALKING WOLF WHICH, OF COURSE, YOU PROBABLY DIDN'T OR YOU WOULDN'T HAVE JUST STROLLED IN HERE LIKE NOTHING'S WRONG.

I...I...



YEAH, OKAY, THIS GUY'S GONNA BE USELESS FOR QUESTIONING, AT LEAST FOR NOW.

CALL 9-1-1! HURRY UP!



C'MON, C'MON, GIVE ME SOMETHING... ANYTHING...



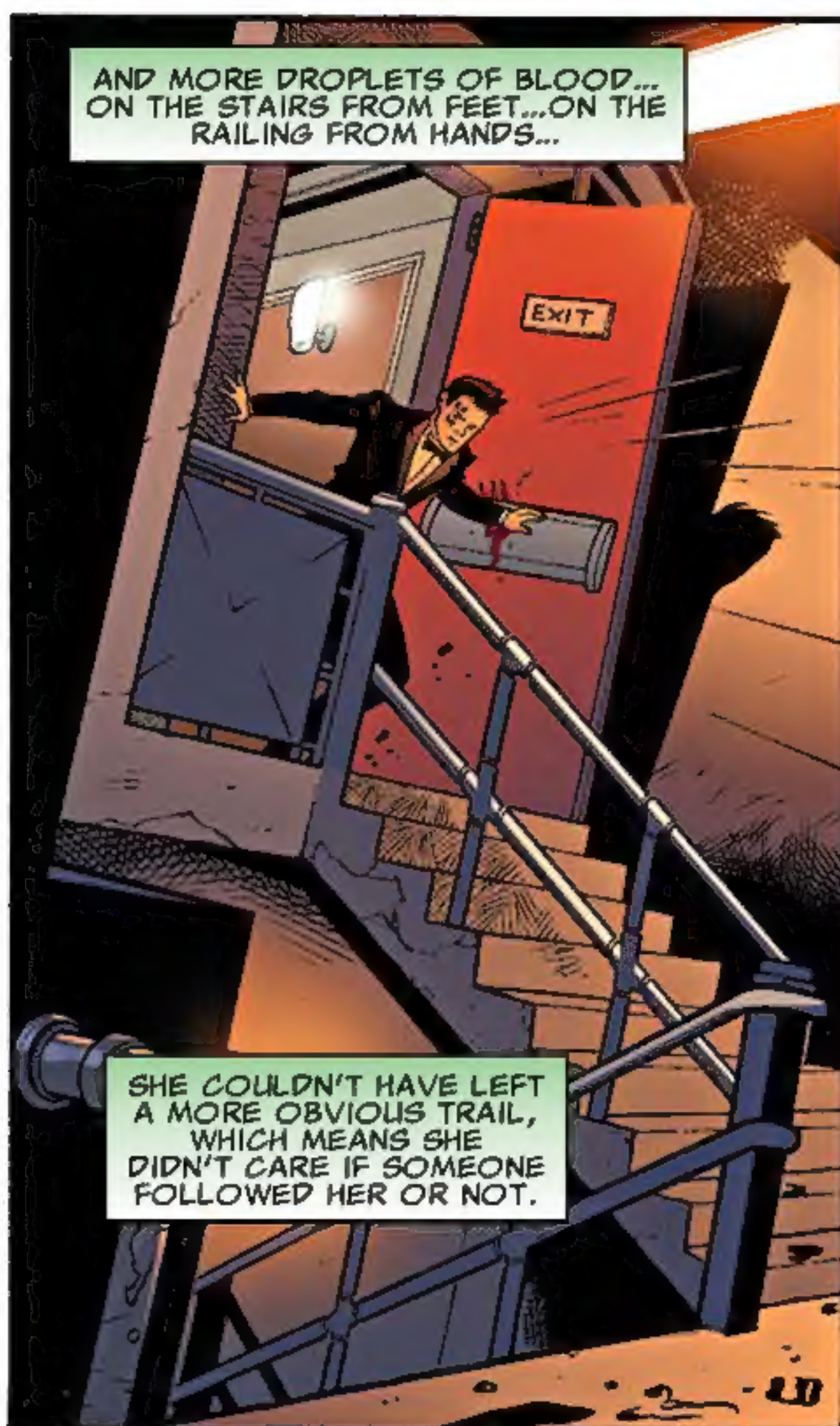
THERE!



ON THE
HANDLE OF THE
EXIT DOOR...



BLOOD. A
BLOODY
PAW PRINT...



AND MORE DROPLETS OF BLOOD...
ON THE STAIRS FROM FEET...ON THE
RAILING FROM HANDS...

SHE COULDN'T HAVE LEFT
A MORE OBVIOUS TRAIL,
WHICH MEANS SHE
DIDN'T CARE IF SOMEONE
FOLLOWED HER OR NOT.



I'M OPERATING COMPLETELY
ON INSTINCT. I DON'T KNOW
WHAT I'M DOING HERE,
OR HOW I GOT HERE.

LAST THING I REMEMBER
WAS A WHOMPING HUGE
BLADE STICKING OUT OF
MY CHEST AND MY OWN
VOICE SNARLING IN MY EAR.







SO WHY
DON'T'CHA GET
OFF THE LADY
BEFORE I DO
SOMETHIN' THAT
I'LL REGRET.

OKAY...
THAT YOU'LL
REGRET.

LOGAN?
B...BANSHEE?

BUT...
YOU'RE
DEAD!

WELL, I'M A
WEE BIT OVER ME
LIMIT THANKS TO TWO
DAYS OF PARTYIN', I'LL
ADMIT, BUT I STILL
THINK I HAVE *SOME*
LIFE LEFT IN ME.



NO, I MEAN...YOU DIED!
THERE WAS AN AIRPLANE
THAT EXPLODED AND--

JAMIE, OR
DUPE JAMIE,
OR WHATEVER
YOU ARE, THIS
ISN'T FUNNY.

FIRST YOU
SAY LAYLA'S
DEAD, AND
MADROX IS DEAD...

BUT...IT'S
TRUE! RAHNE
KILLED
THEM--



SHE WAS RIGHT
HERE! WITH ME!
EVER SINCE THE
WEDDING--!

GO CHECK!
SEE FOR
YOURSELF!

FINE.
YO! FLEET
FEET!



THIS BETTER
BE GOOD. I WAS
MAKING **SERIOUS**
PROGRESS WITH
AURORA. TALK
ABOUT FAST
WOMEN.

HEAD UP
TO MADROX'S
SUITE. TELL ME
WHAT'CHA
FIND.



THAT'S A
LITTLE
VOYEURISTIC,
EVEN FOR
YOU.

JUST
DO IT,
WOULD'JA?



THERE, THIS
SHOULD
STRAIGHTEN
EVERYTHING
OUT.

I WOULDN'T
BET THE FARM
ON THAT.



WELL?
WHAT'DJA--?

I...I
THINK YOU'D
BETTER GET
UP THERE...

...BEFORE
THE POLICE
DO.

PART OF ME WAS
AFRAID THEY'D
BE GONE.

THAT THIS WAS GOING TO
BE ONE OF THOSE SITUATIONS
WHERE ONE GUY KNOWS THE
TRUTH BUT EVERYONE ELSE JUST
FINDS EVERYTHING NORMAL, AND
THEY FIGURE THE GUY'S CRAZY.



BUT EVEN THOUGH THEY KNOW
THE TRUTH TOO, MAYBE I
AM CRAZY. MAYBE I'VE GONE
STARK-STARING NUTS.

WHERE'D
PIETRO
GO?

TO
TELL THE
OTHERS.

OTHERS?



I'LL KILL
WHOEVER'S
RESPONSIBLE
FOR THIS.

OH, YOU
GOTTA BE
KIDDING ME.



YOU MEAN
WE'LL KILL THEM,
DON'T YOU,
SHATTERSTAR?

OF COURSE,
BROTHER. OF
COURSE.

WHY DOES
THAT DUPE
HAVE AN "M"
ON HIS FACE?

TALK ABOUT
A BLAST FROM
THE PAST.



I'M NOT
A DUPE.

WAIT...
YOU'RE SAYING
THAT'S A DUPE
IN THERE?

I DON'T
KNOW WHAT
I'M SAYING.

JOIN
THE CLUB.







THE MADROX WHO DIED HERE... WHETHER HE WAS THE ORIGINAL OR A DUPE OR WHATEVER...

...HE THOUGHT IT WAS RAHNE WHO KILLED 'EM. BUT IT WASN'T.

THE SCENT'S UNMISTAKABLE, THOUGH. IT...



IT WAS MUH DAUGHTER. IT WAS VANORA.

THE...THE DEMON SPAWN THAT AH HAD WITH HRIM HARI...

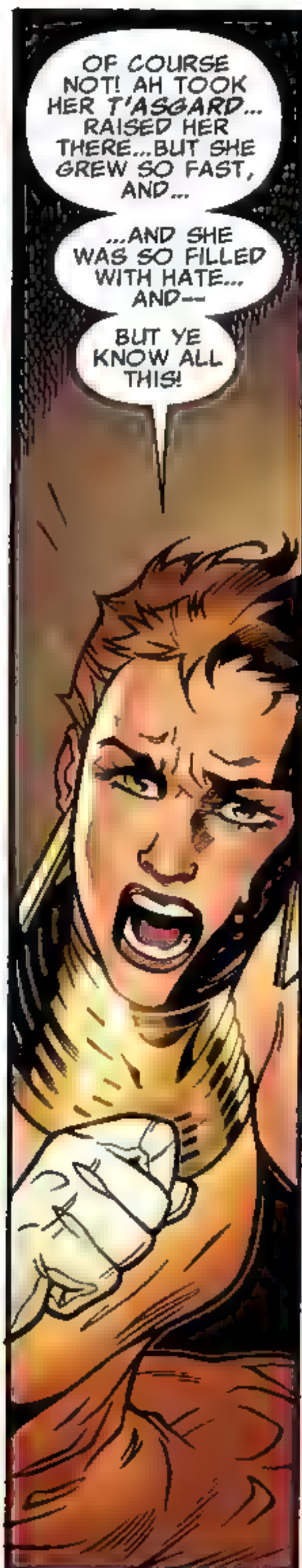
SHE CAN MORPH INTO ANY WOLFEN FORM, INCLUDING MUH OWN. WE ALL THOUGHT SHE WAS DEAD. THAT'S WHY JAMIE MISTOOK HER...



NOT A SON. A DAUGHTER.

AH KNOW WHAT THE GENDER OF MUH OWN CHILD IS.

AND YOU DIDN'T REJECT HER WHEN SHE WAS BORN.



OF COURSE NOT! AH TOOK HER T'ASSARD... RAISED HER THERE...BUT SHE GREW SO FAST, AND...

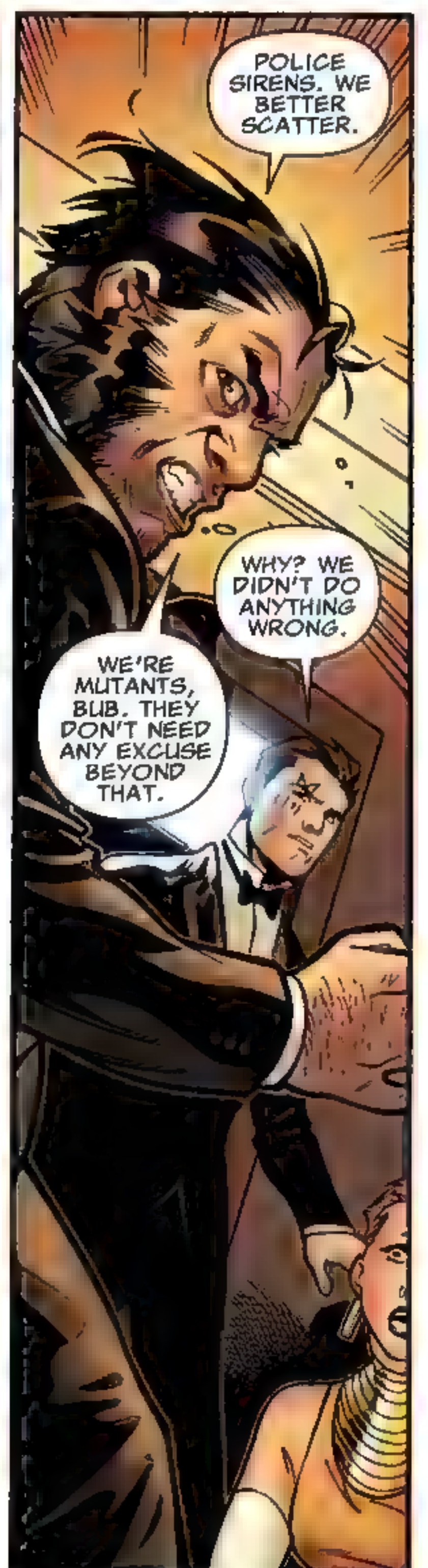
...AND SHE WAS SO FILLED WITH HATE... AND--

BUT YE KNOW ALL THIS!



NO, I DON'T.

THIS ISN'T MY WORLD. I'M ON SOME SORT OF PARALLEL WORLD. SIMILAR TO MINE, BUT...



POLICE SIRENS. WE BETTER SCATTER.

WHY? WE DIDN'T DO ANYTHING WRONG.

WE'RE MUTANTS, BUB. THEY DON'T NEED ANY EXCUSE BEYOND THAT.



LET'S GET BACK TO THE MANSION. GET EVERYTHING SORTED OUT THERE.

BUT WHAT ABOUT THEIR... BODIES?

WE AIN'T GONNA ABANDON THEM. 'SIDES, WE DON'T NEED TO EXPLAIN WHAT REALLY HAPPENED.

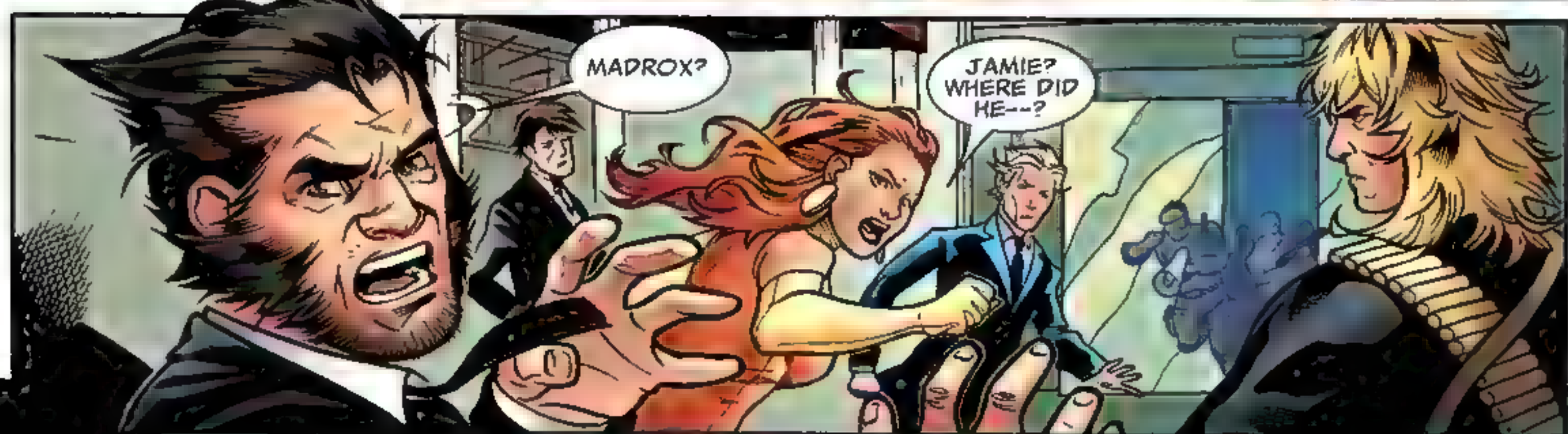


LIKE IT OR NOT, VANORA'S ONE OF US.

COPS CAN'T DEAL WITH HER. IT'S OUR BUSINESS. FAMILY BUSINESS.



MADROX...WHEREVER YOU SAY YOU COME FROM, YOU'RE THE LAST ONE T'SEE YOUR OTHER SELF ALIVE. WE NEED TA...



MADROX?

JAMIE? WHERE DID HE--?



EVERYBODY STAY RIGHT WHERE YOU ARE!

THIS ENTIRE HOTEL IS TO BE CONSIDERED A CRIME SCENE!

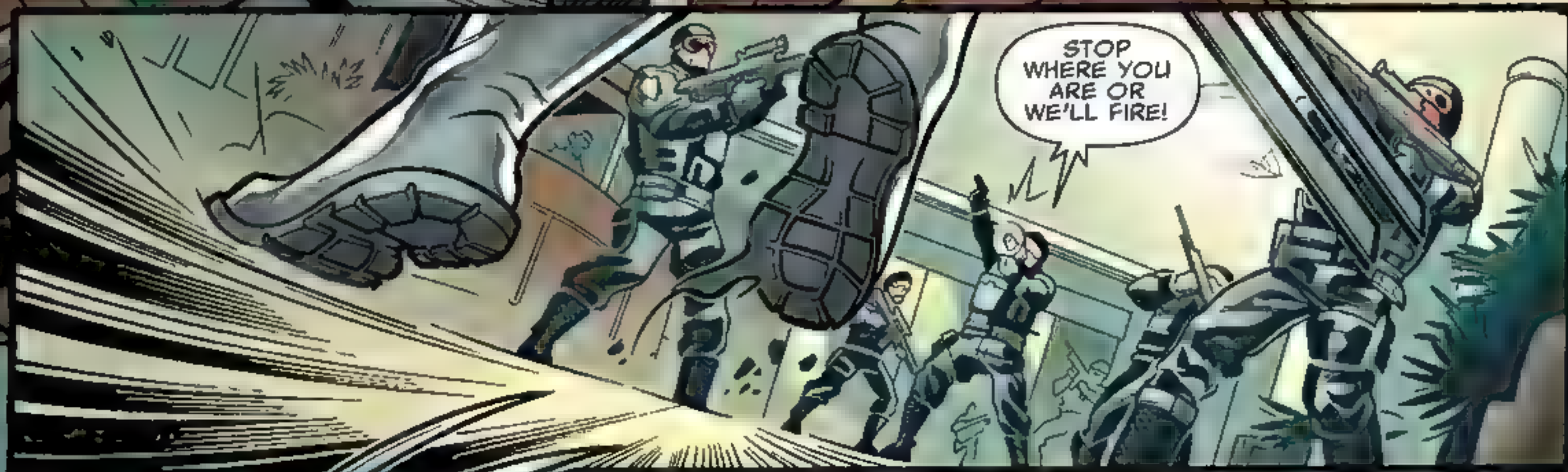
EVERYONE STAYS PUT!



THE TRUE KILLER MAKES GOOD HER ESCAPE AND WE HAVE TO STAND HERE SUFFERING ORDERS FROM THE LIKES OF YOU?

ONE SIDE, IDIOTS!

STAR, WAIT!



STOP WHERE YOU ARE OR WE'LL FIRE!



I HATE THAT GUY.

ME TOO.

GUESS WE'RE ABOUT TO PISS OFF POLICE CHIEF PARKER AGAIN.



THEY'RE CALLING FOR BACKUP IN THE LOBBY! COME ON!



I CAN GUESS WHAT THAT'S ALL ABOUT.



BUT IT'S NONE OF MY BUSINESS.

THIS ISN'T MY WORLD. THOSE AREN'T MY FRIENDS.

I NEED TO GET BACK TO...



TO WHAT? TO WHERE?

I KNOW ABOUT THE WHOLE MULTIVERSE CONCEPT. INFINITE WORLDS, INFINITE VARIETY OF CIRCUMSTANCES ON THEM.

BUT HOW DID I GET PULLED INTO THIS ONE?



MAYBE REED RICHARDS WOULD BE ABLE TO HELP OUT. OR MAYBE...

MAYBE FORGE IS STILL ALIVE.

HELL, EVEN DOCTOR STRANGE MIGHT...



WAIT.

I HEARD
A GROWL.

THAT'S NOT
GOOD.

I KILLED
YOU! I KNOW
I DID!

AND WHAT'S
WITH THAT
STUPID "M"
ON
YOUR FACE?!









TIME TO
FINISH THE
DEAL!

WHAT THE
HELL?!?

SHKOW!

UNNNFFFFF!



WHERE DID
THAT COME
FROM?

WHAT DO
YOU MEAN? EACH
OF US HAS A
DIFFERENT POWER.
DON'T YOU KNOW
ANYTHING?



STAY
BACK! I GOT
IT COVERED!

SEZ
YOU, GRAVEL
PUSS!

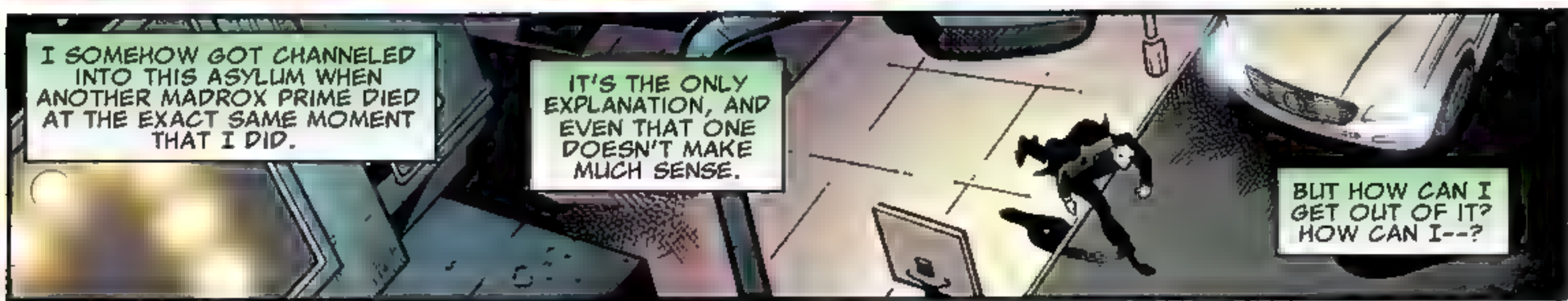


SEE? SEE
THE MOOD
YOU'VE PUT
ME IN?

YOU'VE NO ONE
TO BLAME BUT
YOURSELVES!



THIS IS
INSANE. THIS IS
COMPLETELY
INSANE.



I SOMEHOW GOT CHanneled
INTO THIS ASYLUM WHEN
ANOTHER MADROX PRIME DIED
AT THE EXACT SAME MOMENT
THAT I DID.

IT'S THE ONLY
EXPLANATION, AND
EVEN THAT ONE
DOESN'T MAKE
MUCH SENSE.

BUT HOW CAN I
GET OUT OF IT?
HOW CAN I--?



OH,
HELLO.

WHAT
THE--?

MR. TRYPP?! WHAT THE
HELL'S HE DOING HERE--?
AND HE SURE DOESN'T SEEM
SURPRISED TO SEE ME!



I DON'T EVEN HAVE TIME FOR A SCREAM, IT HAPPENS SO FAST.



I DON'T EVEN FEEL THE PAIN AS I'M CRUSHED BETWEEN THE FRONT OF THE CAR AND THE BUILDING.

PROBABLY BECAUSE MY BRAIN'S ALREADY SHUTTING DOWN.



I'VE GOT JUST ENOUGH OF MY SENSES LEFT TO SEE VAL COOPER...WITHOUT A SCRATCH ON HER, OF COURSE...

...TO SMELL THE ALCOHOL COMING OFF HER IN WAVES...

...TO HEAR HER SLURRING MY NAME INTO SOMETHING THAT SOUNDS LIKE "MAD DUCKS"...



...AND THEN I'M GONE.



NEXT ISSUE



